Under the Red Robe

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

Nevertheless, a little later, when I found myself on my way to the Hotel Richelieu under so close a guard that I could see nothing except the figures that immediately surrounded me, I wished I had given him the money. At such times, when all hangs in the balance and the sky is overcast, the mind runs on luck and old superstitions, and is prone to think a crown given here may avail there—though "there" be a hundred leagues away.

The Palais Richelieu was at that time in building, and we were required to wait in a long, bare gallery, where the masons were at work. I was kept a full hour here, pondering uncomfortably on the strange whims and fancies of the great man who then ruled France as the king's lieutenant-general, with all the king's powers; and whose life I had once been the means of saving by a little timely information. On one occasion he had done something to wipe out the debt; and at other times he had permitted me to be free with him. We were not unknown to one another, therefore.

Nevertheless, when the doors were at last thrown open, and I was led into his presence, my confidence underwent a shock. His cold glance, that, roving over me, regarded me not as a man but an item, the steely glitter of his southern eyes, chilled me to the bone. The room was bare, the floor without carpet or covering. Some of the woodwork lay about, unfinished and in pieces. But the man—this man, needed no surroundings. His keen, pale face, his brilliant eyes, even his presence—though he was of no great height and began already to stoop at the shoulders—were enough to awe the boldest. I recalled as I looked at him a hundred tales of his iron will, his cold heart, his unerring craft. He had humbled the king's brother, the splendid Duke of Orleans, in the dust. He had curbed the queen-mother. A dozen heads, the nobles in France, had come to the block through him. Only two years before he had quelled Rochelle; only a few months before he had crushed the great insurrection in Languedoc; and though the south, stripped of its old privileges, still seethed with discontent, no one in this year 1630 dared lift a hand against him—openly, at any rate. Under the surface a hundred plots, a thousand intrigues, sought his life or his power; but these, I suppose, are the hap of every great man.

No wonder, then, that the courage on which I plumed myself sank low on sight of him; or that it was as much as I could do to mingle with the humility of my salute some touch of the sangfroid of old acquaintanceship.

And perhaps that had been better left out. For this man was without bowels. For a moment, while he stood looking at me and before he spoke to me, I gave myself up for lost. There was a glint of cruel satisfaction in his eyes that warned me before he spoke, what he was going to say to me.

"I could not have made a better catch, M. de Berault," he said, smiling villainously, while he gently smoothed the fur of a cat that had sprung on the table beside him. "An old offender and an excellent example. I doubt it will not stop with you. But later, we will make you the warrant for flying at higher game."

"Monseigneur has handled a sword himself," I blurted out. The very room seemed to be growing darker, the air colder. I was never nearer fear in my life.

"Yes?" he said, smiling delicately. "And so?"

"Will not be too hard on the failings of a poor gentleman."

"He shall suffer no more than a rich one," he replied suavely, as he stroked the cat. "Enjoy that satisfaction, M. de Berault. Is that all?"

"Once I was of service to your eminence," I said desperately.

"Payment has been made," he answered, "more than once. But for that I should not have seen you, M. de Berault."

"The king's face!" I cried, snatching at the straw he seemed to hold out.

He laughted cynically, smoothly. His thin face, his dark moustache, and whitening hair, gave him an air of indescribable keenness. "I am not the king," he said. "Besides, I am told you have killed as many as six men in duels. You owe the king, therefore, one life at least. You must pay it. There is no more to be said, M. de Berault," he continued coldly, turning away and beginning to collect some papers. "The law must take its course."

I thought he was about to nod to the lieutenant to withdraw me, and a chilling sweat broke out down my back. I saw the scaffold, I felt the cords. A moment, and it would be too late! "I have a favor to ask," I stammered desperately, "if your eminence would give me a moment alone."

"To what end?" he answered, turning and eyeing me with cold disfavor. "I know you—your past—all. It can do no good, my friend."

"Nor harm!" I cried. "And I am a dying man, Monseigneur!"

"That is true," he said thoughtfully. Still he seemed to hesitate; and my heart beat fast. At last he looked at the lieutenant. "You may leave us," he said shortly. "Now," when the officer had withdrawn and left us alone, "What is it? Say what you have to say quickly. And above all, do not try to fool me, M. de Berault."

But his piercing eyes so disconcerted me that now in my chance I could not find a word to say, and stood before him mute. I think this pleased him, for his face relaxed.

"Well?" he said at last. "Is that all?"

"The man is not dead," I muttered.

He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "What of that?" he said. "That was not what you wanted to say to me."

"Once I saved your eminence's life," I faltered miserably.

"Admitted," he answered, in his thin, incisive voice. "You mentioned the fact before. On the other hand, you have taken six to my knowledge, M. de Berault. You have lived the life of a bully, a common bravo, a gamester. You, a man of family! For shame! And it has brought you to this. Yet on that point I am willing to hear more," he added abruptly.

"I might save your eminence's life again," I cried. It was a sudden inspiration.

"You know something," he said quickly, fixing me with his eyes. "But no," he continued, shaking his head gently. "Pshaw! the trick is old. I have better spies than you, M. de Berault."

"But no better sword," I cried hoarsely. "No, not in all your guard!"

"That is true," he said. "That is true." To my surprise, he spoke in a tone of consideration: and he looked down at the floor. "Let me think, my friend," he continued.

He walked two or three times up and down the room, while I stood trembling. I confess it, trembling. The man whose pulses danger has no power to quicken, is seldom proof against suspense; and the sudden hope his words awakened in me so shook me that his figure, as he trod lightly to and fro, with the cat rubbing against his robe and turning time for time with him, wavered before my eyes. I grasped the table to steady myself. I had not admitted even in my own mind how darkly the shadow of Montfaucon and the gallows had fallen across me.

I had leisure to recover myself, for it was some time before he spoke. When he did, it was in a voice harsh, changed, imperative. "You have the reputation of a man faithful, at least to his employer," he said. "Do not answer me. I say it is so. Well I will trust you. I will give you one more chance—though it is a desperate one. Woe to you if you fail me! Do you know Cocheforet in Bearn? It is not far from Auch."

"No, your eminence."

"Nor M. de Cocheforet?"

"No, your eminence."

"So much the better," he retorted. "But you have heard of him. He has been engaged in every Gascon plot since the late king's death and gave me more trouble last year in the Vivarais than any man twice his years. At present he is at Bosost in Spain, with other refugees, but I have learned that at frequent intervals he visits his wife at Cocheforet, which is six leagues within the border. On one of these visits he must be arrested."

"That should be easy," I said.

The cardinal looked at me. "Tush, man! what do you know about it?" he answered bluntly. "It is whispered at Cocheforet if a soldier crosses the street at Auch. In the house are only two or three servants, but they have the country-side with them to a man and they are a dangerous breed. A spark might kindle a fresh rising. The arrest, therefore, must be made secretly."

I bowed.

"One resolute man inside the house, with the help of two or three servants whom he could summon to his aid at will, might effect it," the cardinal continued, glancing at a paper which lay on the table. "The question is, will you be the man, my friend?"

I hesitated; then I bowed. What choice had I?

"Nay, nay, speak out!" he said sharply. "Yes or no, M. de Berault?"

"Yes, your eminence," I said reluctantly. Again, I say, what choice had I?

"You will bring him to Paris, and alive. He knows things and that is why I want him. You understand?"

"I understand, Monseigneur," I answered.

"You will get into the house as you can," he continued. "For that you will need strategy—good strategy. They suspect everybody. You must deceive them. If you fail to deceive them, or, deceiving them, are found out

IT IS A BARGAIN.

later, M. de Berault—I do not think you will trouble me again, or break the edict a second time. On the other hand, should you deceive me"—he smiled still more subtly, but his voice sank to a purring note—"I will break you on the wheel like the ruined gamester you are!"

I met his look without quailing. "So be it!" I said recklessly. "If I do not bring M. de Cocheforet to Paris, you may do that to me and more also!"

"It is a bargain!" he answered slowly. "I think you will be faithful. For money, here are a hundred crowns. That sum should suffice; but if you succeed you shall have twice as much more. Well, that is all, I think. You understand?"

"Yes Monseigneur."

"Then why do you wait?"

"The lieutenant?" I said modestly.

Monseigneur laughed to himself and sitting down wrote a word or two on a slip of paper. "Give him that," he said, in high good-humor. "I fear, M. de Berault, you will never get your deserts—in this world!"

CHAPTER II.

AT THE GREEN PILLAR.

Cocheforet lies in a billowy land of oak and beech and chestnut—a land of deep, leafy bottoms, and hills clothed with forest. Ridge and valley, glen and knoll, the woodland, sparsely peopled and more sparsely tilled, stretches away to the great snow mountains that here limit France. It swarms with game—with wolves and bears, deer and boars. To the end of his life I have heard that the great king loved this district, and would sigh, when years and state fell heavily on him, for the beech-groves and box-covered hills of South Bearn. From the terraced steps of Auch you can see the forest roll away in light and shadow, vale and upland, to the base of the snow-peaks; and, though I come from Brittany and love the smell of the salt wind, I have seen few sights that outdo this.

It was the second week in October when I came to Cocheforet, and, dropping down from the last wooded brow, rode quietly into the place at evening. I was alone and had ridden all day in a glory of ruddy beech-leaves, through the silence of forest roads, across clear brooks and glades still green. I had seen more of the quiet and peace of the country than had been my share since boyhood, and I felt a little melancholy; it might be for that reason, or because I had no great taste for the task before me—the task now so imminent. In good faith, it was not a gentleman's work, look at it how you might.

But beggars must not be choosers, and I knew that this feeling would pass away. At the inn, in the presence of others, under the spur of necessity, or in the excitement of the chase, were that once begun, I should lose the feeling. When a man is young, he seeks solitude: when he is middle-aged he flies it and his thoughts. I made without ado for the Green Pillar, a little inn in the village street, to which I had been directed at Auch, and, thundering on the door with the knob of my riding-switch, railed at the man for keeping me waiting.

Here and there at hovel doors in the street—which was a mean, poor place, not worthy of the name—men and women looked out at me suspiciously. But I affected to ignore them; and at last the host came. He was a fair-haired man, half Basque, half Frenchman, and had scanned me well, I was sure, through some window or peephole; for, when he came out, he betrayed no surprise at the sight of a well-dressed stranger—a portent in that out-of-the-way village—but eyed me with a kind of sullen reserve.

"I can lie here to-night, I suppose?" I said, dropping the reins on the sorrel's neck. The horse hung its head.

"I don't know," he answered stupidly.

I pointed to the green bough which topped a post that stood opposite the door.

"This is an inn, is it not?" I said.

"Yes," he answered slowly; "it is an inn. But—"

"But you are full, or you are out of food, or your wife is ill, or something else is amiss," I answered peevishly. "All the same, I am going to lie here. So you must make the best of it and your wife too—if you have one."

He scratched his head, looking at me with an ugly glitter in his eyes. But he said nothing, and I dismounted.

"Where can I stable my horse?" I asked.

"I'll put it up," he answered sullenly, stepping forward and taking the reins in his hands.

"Very well," I said; "but I go with you. A merciful man is merciful to his beast, and where-ever I go I see my horse fed."

"It will be fed," he said shortly. And then he waited for me to go into the house. "The wife is in there," he continued, looking at me stubbornly.

"Imprimis—if you understand Latin, my friend," I answered, "the horse in the stall."

As he saw it was no good, he turned the sorrel slowly round and began to lead it across the village street. There was a shed behind the inn, which I had already marked and taken for the stable and I was surprised when I found he was not going there. But I made no remark and in a few minutes saw the horse well stabled in a hovel which seemed to belong to a neighbor.

This done, the man led the way back to the inn, carrying my valise.

"You have no other guests?" I said with a casual air. I knew he was watching me closely.

"No," he answered.

"This is not much in the way to anywhere, I suppose?"

"No."

That was evident; a more retired place I never saw. The hanging woods, rising steeply to a great height, so shut the valley in that I was puzzled to think how a man could leave it save by the road I had come. The cottages, which were no more than mean, small huts, ran in a straggling double line, with many gaps—through fallen trees and ill-cleared meadows. Among them a noisy brook ran in and out. And the inhabitants—charcoal-burners, or swineherds, or poor people of the like class, were no better than their dwellings. I looked in vain for the Chateau. It was not to be seen, and I dared not ask for it.

The man led me into the common room of the tavern—a low-roofed, poor place, lacking a chimney or glazed windows, and grimy with smoke and use. The fire—a great half-burnt tree—smouldered on a stone hearth, raised a foot from the floor. A huge black pot simmered over it, and beside one window lounged a country fellow talking with the goodwife. In the dusk I could not see his face, but I gave the woman a word, and sat down to wait for my supper.

She seemed more silent than the common run of women; but this might be because her husband was present. While she moved about, getting my meal, he took his place against the door post and fell to staring at me so persistently that I felt by no means at my ease. He was a tall, strong fellow, with a rough moustache and brown beard, cut in the mode Henri Quatre; and on the subject of that king—a safe one, I knew, with a Bearnais—and on that alone, I found it possible to make him talk. Even then there was a suspicious gleam in his eye that bade me abstain from questions; and as the darkness deepened behind him, and the firelight played more and more strongly on his features, and I thought of the leagues of woodland that lay between this remote valley and Auch, I recalled the cardinal's warning that if I failed in my attempt I should be little likely to trouble Paris again.

[To Be Continued.]

The Grand Army of the Republic.

Day by day their ranks are thinning, one by one they disappear.
And at each succeeding roll call, fewer voices answer: "Here!"

Still their regiments are marching—many march with noiseless tread,
And no bugles sound "assembly" in the bivouac of the dead.

Hats are reverently lifted to the heroes lying here;
Lift them to the living heroes—hail them all with cheer on cheer.

Not for long will they be with us; soon each regiment will be
Tented here beneath the blossoms of the land it helped to free.

But to-day the drums are muffled and the flag at half-mast waves,
Keeping green dead heroes' memories as the grass above their graves.

Still another weary winter shrouded in the snow they lay;
Now we bring them crowns and garlands of the loveliest blooms of May.

Let them rest in honored slumber, while their praise, from shore to shore,
Eighty millions throats are swelling—we are free forevermore!

—Elsie Florence Fay, in Success Magazine.

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY.

With blossom-laden hands, to-day the nation stands,
Beside the graves of those who died for liberty.
The story is long told, our hearts can no more hold
The bitterness of strife, the tears, the agony.

Yet the memory of these men shall perish only when
The manhood of the land, the love of freedom, dies.
And lo! beside their sod new fold is turned; for God
New marytrs called for freedom, 'mid women's tears and cries.

By these just newly dead—their blood for Cuba shed—
And these who lie at peace, in the land they died to free;

Let all men know we keep their vigil while they sleep—
On guard, for aye, of this great nation's destiny.

These heroes have not laid their brave lives down in vain,
Her sons again have pledged our land to liberty.
O hearts that grieve to-day for soldiers far away,
Who bore our country's flag and died to set men free.

Look up and sigh no more. Like those who died before,
The nation keeps their memories and the people's hearts are true.
For Chickamauga still echoes on through San Juan Hill
To one nation and one people 'neath the red, white and blue.

To the Nation's Dead.

Long have they lain 'neath the grass and sod,
Those noble sons that in battle trod.
No more the sound of the bugle call
Shall quicken their steps to duty's call.
They only wait for the trumpet sound,
When the great and good shall at last be crowned.
And the battle and strife of yesterday
Shall be lost alike to the Blue and Gray.

Ye who march on this day in May,
To scatter garlands of flow'rets gay
Over the mounds of soft green sward,
Where sleep the brave in battle gored;
Know that to these ye owe your land,
So scatter the buds with willing hand,
With thoughts of love while lips do pray
For the peace and rest of the Blue and Gray.

And let the flag on each grave rest,
Of him whose struggle made it blest.
Those Stars and Stripes let proudly wave
Above each soldier honored grave.
For these are they who held them high,
Caring not that they should die.
So let the Union feel to-day
Thoughts of love for the Blue and Gray.

Sleeping, Not Dead.

Ye silent men, who to your country gave
The last full measure of devotion—life—
Ye fell asleep while the tumultuous strife
Around you swelled in fury, like the wave
Which breaks upon the rocks which prove its grave.
To-day, around you all the air is rife
With wailing cries from bugle and from fife—
The voice of that dear land you died to save,
Nay, ye have never died—ye live to-day
In every soul which joys that it is free;
In that fair flag with which the breezes play,
With every flashing star undimmed, unlost;
In all our hearts, which clay like yours shall be
Before our land forgets what freedom cost.

—Ninette M. Lowater, in N. Y. Sun.

Memorial Day.

Oh, draw aside the drapery of gloom
And let the sunshine chase the clouds away
And gild with brighter glory every tomb
We decorate to-day.

And in the holy silence reigning round,
While prayers of perfume bless the atmosphere,
Where loyal souls of love and faith are found,
Thank God that peace is here.

And let each angry impulse that may start
Be smothered out of every loyal breast;
And, rocked within the cradle of the heart,
Let every sorrow rest.

—James Whitcomb Riley, in Reader Magazine.

1861-1906.

Sing anthems of a holy love that country breeds in men,
And o'er their graves in muffled tones let drums sound taps again.
And with each note that fills the air a scented bower raise,
And let a rain of flowers fall to tell a nation's praise.

Oh, flowers, red and white and blue, pile on and mark them all;
In nature's flag enshroud the men who heard their country's call.
And those who march, let's cheer for them and cheer both blue and gray,
For this is theirs—a country's thanks—this Decoration day.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

The Day Intended for Appropriate Commemoration of the Deeds of Heroes.

Memorial day was founded that there might be a few hours in each year set aside for the appropriate commemoration of the deeds of men who had been killed while serving the country in the army or navy or who had died since having so served. For a number of years it was generally and suitably observed. Then in some places it ceased to be observed at all. In many it was given up to bicycle and horse racing and other sports and festivities.

Diversions of this kind have been widely and properly protested against as desecrations of the day. The protests seem to have had some effect, for observance of the occasion promises to be not only more general this year than usual but also more appropriate.

Contemplation of the courageous and self-sacrificing patriotism exhibited by past generations is to little purpose if it do not imbue their successors with a purpose to emulate them. The men of to-day have confronting them questions almost as difficult as any which have yet been dealt with, and the best way the sons can show their appreciation of what the fathers accomplished is by resolving to go about their work as citizens with the same courage and in the same spirit as their fathers went about theirs.—Chicago Tribune.

TRIBUTES TO THE PRIVATE.

"Let Us Care for Him."

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."—Lincoln's Second Inaugural.

"Heroic Years of America."

"We begin to realize that the years we have so recently passed through, though we did not appreciate at the time, were the heroic years of American history."—Charles Francis Adams, on "The Double Anniversary," July 4, 1869.

"First Rank of Militant Nations."

"The record of both sides places the people of the United States in the first rank of militant nations."—Col. Thomas L. Livermore.

"Love of Country Alone."

"Love of country alone could have inspired 300,000 men to die for the union. Nothing less sacred than this love of country could have sustained 175,000 brave men who suffered and starved and died in rebel prisons. Nor could anything else have given comfort to the 500,000 maimed and diseased who escaped immediate death in siege and battle to end in torment the remaining of their patriot lives."—William McKinley, July 4, 1894.

"Union Dearer for Their Blood."

"God bless the union! It is dearer to us for the blood of the brave men which has been shed in its defense."—Edward Everett at Gettysburg, 1863.

Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty.

The greatest service the Grand Army of the Republic has rendered is the beautiful way in which it gives life to the principles of the organization—fraternity, charity and loyalty.

That millions of men of every degree of life and station should for 40 years be bound together by this common bond of brotherhood is not only worthy of admiration, but also of imitation by the members of this republic.

Charity, or love, is the greatest thing in the world, and love is the key to every department of life, the foundation of patriotic teaching, the safety of the country, the home and the individual.

Loyalty to their comrades, their organization, their country and their God has been fittingly illustrated in the lives of these boys in blue.

This trinity of principles, if copied by our 80,000,000 citizens, would make us the greatest nation on earth.

Keep Alive Love for Flag.

As each year rolls around some patriotic city is asked to welcome the G. A. R. in a grand reunion, striving to outdo some other city, which with outstretched arms has welcomed the G. A. R. in a grand reunion, striving to outto life a dormant spirit of devotion to the old flag and a resolve that this union of states will never be dissolved.

Without the G. A. R. to refresh the memory of the people of this country, they would be apt to forget the great sacrifice this nation suffered that this union should not be dissolved.

Again there is another wing to the G. A. R., the Sons of Veterans, organized to go hand in hand with the G. A. R. to perpetuate their memory for generations to come, to keep alive the love for the old flag, as the strength of the nation depends on the love of its people to defend it in time of danger.

G. A. R. the Conservator of Peace.

The Grand Army of the Republic has been one of the greatest conservators of peace because its members realize more fully than any one else could the cost of war both in blood and treasure. The wounds and disease contracted by them in the civil war are ever present reminders of its cost. They would have been ready to have sacrificed much before engaging in such another struggle.

They have been the leaders of all movements tending to higher patriotism and loyal service to their country. They have fostered and encouraged every effort looking to more loyal citizenship. They have taught the world a lesson in fraternity extending not only to their own members, but to the men of the south who fought against them, and I believe they have done and are doing more to reunite the two sections of our country as patriotic American citizens than any other agency or society.

Epitaph in Shorthand.

A tombstone has been erected in the West Hampstead cemetery over the grave of Mrs. Louisa Day, the inscription on which, including a verse of poetry, is in shorthand.

THE POINT OF THE PROVERB

An old proverb advises the shoemaker to stick to his last. It means that a man always succeeds best at the business he knows. To the farmer it means, stick to your plow; to the blacksmith, stick to your forge; to the painter, stick to your brush. When we make experiments out of our line they are likely to prove expensive failures.

It is amusing, however, to remark how every one of us secretly thinks he could do some other fellow's work better than the other fellow himself. The painter imagines he can make paint better than the paint manufacturer; the farmer thinks he can do a job of painting better, or at least cheaper than the painter, and so on.

A farm hand in one of Octave Thanet's stories tells the Walking Delegate of the Painters' Union, "Anybody can slather paint;" and the old line painter tells the paint salesman, "None of your ready made mixtures for me; I reckon I ought to know how to mix paint."

The farm hand is wrong and the painter is wrong: "Shoemaker, stick to your last." The "fancy farmer" can farm, of course, but it is an expensive amusement. If it strikes him as pleasant to grow strawberries at fifty cents apiece, or to produce eggs that cost him five dollars a dozen, it is a form of amusement, to be sure, if he can afford it, but it's not farming. If the farmer likes to slosh around with a paint brush and can afford the time and the expense of having a practical painter do the job right pretty soon afterward, it's a harmless form of amusement. If the painter's customers can afford to stand for paint that comes off in half the time it should, they have a perfect right to indulge his harmless vanity about his skill in paint making. But in none of these cases does the shoemaker stick to his last.

There is just one class of men in the world that knows how to make paint properly and have the facilities for doing it right; and that is the paint manufacturers—the makers of the standard brands of ready-prepared paints. The painter *mixes* paints; the paint manufacturer *grinds them together*. In a good ready-prepared paint every particle of one kind of pigment is forced to join hands with a particle of another kind and every bit of solid matter is forced, as it were, to open its mouth and drink in its share of linseed oil. That is the only way good paint can be made, and if the painter knew how to do it he has nothing at hand to do it with. A paint pot and a paddle are a poor substitute for power-mixers, buhr-mills and roller-mills.

The man who owns a building and neglects to paint it as often as it needs paint is only a degree more short-sighted than the one who tries to do his own painting or allows the painter to mix his paint for him.

P. G.

Locating the Blame.

"My dear," said the trusting wife, "I don't think your rules of economy are any good."

"You don't?" asked the fond husband.

"No," she replied, bending anew over the column of figures in her beautifully bound expense book "You told me the way to save money was not to buy things—that thus we would save the amount the goods would have cost us. So I have been careful to set down the exact price of everything I have wanted to buy but felt I could not afford. I find, in adding it up, it amounts to $535, but I only have $4.37 in cash on hand. There must be something wrong with your theory.—Stray Stories.

So Homelike.

Some one said to Brother Williams: "They have a balloon fad now, and you can go up and cool off in the clouds."

"Yes, suh," he replied. "En dar's so much thunder en lightnin' up dar, I reckon lots er 'um will feel lak' dey wuz right at home—'specially de married folks!'"—Atlanta Constitution.

At the Dinner Party.

Mrs. Henpeck (to herself)—Look at my husband, over there, disgracing us with his frightful manners! If I had that book on table etiquette here now I'd throw it in his face!—Family Journal.

BREAD DYSPEPSIA.

The Digesting Element Left Out.

Bread dyspepsia is common. It affects the bowels because white bread is nearly all starch, and starch is digested in the intestines, not in the stomach proper.

Up under the shell of the wheat berry nature has provided a curious deposit which is turned into diastase when it is subjected to the saliva and to the pancreatic juices in the human intestines.

This diastase is absolutely necessary to digest starch and turn it into grape-sugar, which is the next form; but that part of the wheat berry makes dark flour, and the modern miller cannot readily sell dark flour, so nature's valuable digester is thrown out and the human system must handle the starch as best it can, without the help that nature intended.

Small wonder that appendicitis, peritonitis, constipation and all sorts of trouble exist when we go so contrary to nature's law. The food experts that perfected Grape-Nuts Food, knowing these facts, made use in their experiments of the entire wheat and barley, including all the parts, and subjected them to moisture and long continued warmth, which allows time and the proper conditions for developing the diastase, outside of the human body.

In this way the starchy part is transformed into grape-sugar in a perfectly natural manner, without the use of chemicals or any outside ingredients. The little sparkling crystals of grape-sugar can be seen on the pieces of Grape-Nuts. This food therefore is naturally pre-digested and its use in place of bread will quickly correct the troubles that have been brought about by the too free use of starch in the food, and that is very common in the human race to-day.

The effect of eating Grape-Nuts ten days or two weeks and the discontinuance of ordinary white bread is very marked. The user will gain rapidly in strength and physical and mental health.

"There's a reason."

CANNON GETS IN LINE.

The Speaker Believes That Tariff Reform Cannot Be Prevented.

Whether Speaker Cannon is a convert to tariff reform only for campaign purposes, or whether he has really experienced a change of heart we do not know. But it is certain that he is beginning to feel the pressure. For W. E. Wells, president of the United States Potters' association, has received a leeter from the speaker in which he says:

"I am satisfied that there will be no tariff revision this congress, but it goes without saying that the desire for a change which exists in the country mind will drive the Republican party, if continued in power, to a tariff revision. I do not want it, but it will come in the not distant future."

Of course, says the Indianapolis News (Ind.) this is merely an expression of belief that the reform can not be prevented. The speaker does not pledge himself to it—much less does he attempt to pledge his party. It looks very much as though he were trying to eliminate the tariff from the congressional campaign by making it appear that a Republican victory can not stop revision. "If continued in power," he says, the party will be driven to tariff revision. This is as much as to say that a vote for a Republican candidate will not be a vote against tariff revision, for that is bound to come.

Yet we believe that this declaration of Mr. Cannon means something more than this. He must know how strong the pressure is for action on the tariff, and how determined the Republican revisers are. For the pressure is exerted directly against him and his rules committee, and it is to him that the Republican revisers have appealed over and over again. The speaker is a man of ability and shrewdness. Probably there is no one at Washington more skilled in reading the public will. He knows what the people are thinking about, and he is interested in interpreting their wishes correctly. So we conclude that this letter indicates that the speaker has made up his mind that the stand-patters will have to give way "in the not distant future," will have to submit to the will of the people. As the speaker is the leader of the stand-patters his words will have great weight.

Only a few days ago the Hon. Fred Landis told us that the tariff really never could be reformed, because we never could have a perfect tariff, and also because when we got the new one conditions would have changed so as to make it practically obsolete the very moment it went into effect. After our representative had taken this Ajax-like stand in behalf of the infallibility of Dingleyism, it was most cruel in the speaker to make the declaration that the tariff would have to be revised "in the not distant future." The speaker is right. Present conditions can not continue permanently. We shall have to lower our tariff wall very considerably. Free raw materials our manufacturers must have. Our farmers must have wider markets and a better chance in the markets they now have.

But the important thing is that we now have the first break in the stand-pat forces. And the break is at the very head of the column. The people should continue to apply the pressure, and to apply it the more strongly as the opposition seems to yield. Mr. Cannon admits that he has been forced into his present position. Speaking of the reform he says: "I do not want it, but it will come in the not distant future." He is no more of a tariff reformer than he ever was. He simply gets in line.

NOTES AND OPINIONS.

——The Republicans in congress are divided on every proposition that looks towards reform, but they are all united on the "pork bill" and "for the old flag and an appropriation."

——Democrats are getting together on the good old principles laid down by Jefferson, and are united on the Jackson and Tilden war cries of "retrenchment and reform" and "turn the rascals out."

——The Republican bosses, who have been somewhat staggered by the jolt the people have lately given them, are appearing in the garb of reformers, so as to get their feet in the trough again.

——The United States supreme court has indorsed the Democratic contention that the railroads must confine themselves to the transportation business, and not be interested in coal mining or the selling of any commodity.

——The southern cotton planters, entirely unprotected by the tariff, are quite prosperous and are organizing to protect themselves from the protected monopolists. How do the Republican standpatters explain this prosperity of the unprotected?

——It may surprise some people to know that Uncle Sam has gone into cement manufacturing in Arizona, to protect himself from the cement combine, and is turning out hundreds of barrels daily at a cost far below the market price. And yet congress refuses to revise the tariff, the tax on cement being 20 per cent., and even refuses to abate the tax to the suffering people of San Francisco.

——President Roosevelt evidently thinks that the Democrats will elect a majority of the next congress, for he is said to have decided to call a special session after the 4th of March, for the purpose of revising the tariff. He knows as well as any one that if the Republicans should again have a majority of congress it would be useless to call a special session, for the standpatters would be in control.

——After three years of breathless haste at Panama, including the making of a revolution on Washington time, which is some hours ahead of Panama time, no general plan for the construction of the canal has been devised. There has been some desultory digging and a great deal of carefully considered lying in and about the isthmus and the canal, but so far everything is up in the air, the president having turned over the job of deciding upon the type of canal to congress.